THE POETRY OF
KATHERINE MANSFIELD
A Curated Audio eBook Collection

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Narrator: Willow ***(an excellent female ai voice)***
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FOREWORD

💬 Description:

Experience the evocative, lyrical world of Katherine Mansfield like never before.

This enhanced eBook brings together 22 of her finest poems in a carefully curated, beautifully formatted EPUB 3 edition with embedded high-quality stereo audio narration with original piano background music composed for each poem individually.

Read or listen — or do both — as Mansfield's poetic voice echoes through every page.

🎧 Features:

- **22 poems by Katherine Mansfield, handpicked for their literary richness and emotional power**
- **Original high-quality audio narration for each poem (embedded in the book)**
- **Fully compatible with EPUB 3 audio-enabled readers like Thorium Reader, Apple Books (Mac/iOS), and select web-based EPUB readers**
- **Seamless switching between reading and listening**
- **Ideal for poetry lovers, educators, students, and fans of immersive reading experiences**

📢 How to Use:

To enjoy the full audio experience, open this EPUB in a reader that supports EPUB 3 with embedded audio, such as:

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- **Apple Books (macOS/iOS)**
- **Kotobee Reader**
- **EPUBReader browser extension (Firefox)**

Katherine Mansfield:
A Brief Biography and an Exploration of Her Poetry Style

Katherine Mansfield, born Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp on October 14, 1888, in Wellington, New Zealand, remains one of the most celebrated modernist writers of the early 20th century. Though best known for her groundbreaking short stories, Mansfield was also a poet whose lyrical voice, rich with emotion and psychological nuance, continues to draw attention. Her life, brief and often shadowed by illness, was nevertheless filled with literary brilliance and deeply personal insight.

Mansfield was the third of five children in a well-to-do colonial family. Her father, Harold Beauchamp, was a successful banker who later became chairman of the Bank of New Zealand, and her mother, Annie, was known for her strict temperament and high expectations. Katherine spent much of her childhood in Karori, a suburb of Wellington, where she developed a love of nature and storytelling. Her early exposure to the natural beauty of New Zealand would later inform many of her vivid literary images.

At the age of 15, Mansfield was sent to London to attend Queen's College. It was there that her literary tastes broadened. She read widely—absorbing the works of Chekhov, Wilde, and the French Symbolists—and began keeping journals and writing stories. After returning to New Zealand briefly, she grew increasingly dissatisfied with colonial life and the restrictive roles available to women. In 1908, she left New Zealand permanently and returned to London, intent on pursuing a literary career.

Her early years in London were marked by both artistic growth and personal instability. She had a brief marriage, numerous romantic entanglements—including relationships with both men and women—and endured the trauma of a stillbirth. These experiences, along with a growing awareness of her own mortality, added emotional depth to her work.

By 1911, Mansfield had begun publishing stories in *The New Age*, a progressive journal that welcomed experimental writers. Her breakout came with "The Garden Party and Other Stories" (1922), which solidified her reputation as a

major modernist voice. Though she never returned to New Zealand, her homeland remained a haunting presence in her writing—especially in stories like *"Prelude"*, *"At the Bay"*, and *"The Doll's House"*, where colonial life is filtered through a lens of nostalgia, irony, and emotional clarity.

Mansfield's personal life was closely tied to literary circles. She was a close friend of Virginia Woolf, who admired her style yet felt both competitive and occasionally threatened by Mansfield's originality. Mansfield was also associated with D.H. Lawrence, T.S. Eliot, and other members of the Bloomsbury Group, though she remained somewhat outside the core of that community.

In 1917, Mansfield was diagnosed with tuberculosis, a disease that had already claimed the life of her younger brother, Leslie, during World War I. Her health steadily deteriorated, yet she continued to write with fierce urgency. She sought treatment across Europe, including stays in Switzerland and France, always hoping for recovery but always aware of her limited time.

Katherine Mansfield died on January 9, 1923, at the age of 34, in Fontainebleau, France. Despite her short life, her contribution to literature was profound. Her mastery of psychological realism, subtle characterization, and formal experimentation placed her among the foremost innovators of modern fiction. While her short stories have garnered the most critical attention, her poetry—much of it published posthumously—deserves a closer look for its understated beauty and expressive sensitivity.

The Poetry of Katherine Mansfield: Style and Significance

Though primarily celebrated as a short story writer, Katherine Mansfield's poetry offers a compelling glimpse into the emotional and imaginative landscape of an author often caught between joy and sorrow, freedom and fragility. Her poetic output was relatively small and often overshadowed by her fiction, yet her poems possess a lyrical purity, introspective grace, and haunting emotional resonance that make them worthy of deep consideration.

Formally, Mansfield's poetry leans toward brevity and minimalism. She favored short lines, free verse, and a delicate rhythm that evokes thought more than structure. There's a musicality in her cadence, yet she rarely confines herself to strict meter or rhyme. Much like her short stories, Mansfield's poems resist conventional resolution. Instead of dramatic declarations or grand gestures, she

leans into small details—moments suspended in time, often heavy with implied meaning.

Mansfield's imagery is one of her most distinguishing poetic features. Drawing heavily from the natural world, she uses birds, flowers, rivers, wind, and stars not merely as decorative elements but as emotional and psychological symbols. In poems like *"The Candle"* or *"Sleeping Together"*, natural imagery is infused with longing, ephemerality, and sometimes regret. She explores themes such as love, loneliness, memory, and impermanence—often through fleeting metaphors that echo her own preoccupation with mortality.

One striking aspect of her poetry is its intimacy. Many of her poems feel like private entries in a diary—whispered revelations or confessions. There is a sense of the speaker standing alone, not necessarily addressing the reader, but rather transcribing her own sensations with quiet urgency. For example, in *"The Awakening River"*, Mansfield writes:

> ***"When you spoke of it last, I knew you again,***
> ***Far from me, in the waking river of sleep..."***

Here, the poem becomes a vessel for emotional transference—the speaker and subject remain separated by time or dream, but there's an undeniable emotional current pulling them together. This ability to capture complex emotional states with such economy is a hallmark of Mansfield's poetic voice.

Another notable feature of her poetry is its emotional restraint. Rather than indulging in melodrama, Mansfield often employs suggestion and ellipsis. She trusts her reader to sense the emotional undercurrents—grief, yearning, disappointment—through subtle cues. The incomplete nature of many of her poems reflects both the modernist tendency toward fragmentation and her own internal tension between expression and concealment.

Mansfield's poetry also conveys a strong awareness of gender and identity. Although less overt than in her prose, her poems occasionally speak to the experience of being a woman constrained by social norms. There is a quiet feminist sensibility—one that questions roles, explores emotional autonomy, and challenges the sentimentalized notions of womanhood prevalent in her time.

Interestingly, her poems often read as prose-poetry hybrids, blurring the line between poetic and narrative forms. This hybridity may explain why her poetry remained lesser-known: it didn't conform to the expectations of the period's

poetic standards. Yet, viewed through a modern lens, this same blurring gives her work a contemporary resonance.

Posthumously published collections, like *"Poems"* (1923) and *"The Collected Poems of Katherine Mansfield"* (edited by Vincent O'Sullivan), have helped bring renewed attention to her poetic voice. While she never explicitly sought recognition as a poet, her verse reflects the same precision, honesty, and psychological insight that defines her fiction.

In essence, Katherine Mansfield's poetry is a quieter, more introspective sibling to her stories. It captures her inner world with delicacy and candor, offering readers a glimpse of the spiritual and emotional concerns that shaped her life and art. For those familiar with her prose, her poetry deepens the portrait of a writer who, in a few short decades, redefined how we understand the inner lives of others—and ourselves.

A Little Girl's Prayer by Katherine Mansfield

Grant me the moment, the lovely moment
That I may lean forth to see
The other buds, the other blooms,
The other leaves on the tree:

That I may take into my bosom
The breeze that is like his brother,
But stiller, lighter, whose faint laughter
Exhoes the joy of the other.

Above on the blue and white cloud-spaces
There are small clouds at play.
I watch their remote, mysterious play-time
In the other far-away.

Grant I may hear the small birds singing
the song that the silence knows…
(The Light and the Shadow whisper together,
The lovely moment grows,

Ripples into the air like water
Away and away without sound,
And the little girl gets up from her praying
On the cold ground)

Camomile Tea by Katherine Mansfield

Outside the sky is light with stars;
There's a hollow roaring from the sea.
And, alas! for the little almond flowers,
The wind is shaking the almond tree.

How little I thought, a year ago,
In the horrible cottage upon the Lee
That he and I should be sitting so
And sipping a cup of camomile tea.

Light as feathers the witches fly,
The horn of the moon is plain to see;
By a firefly under a jonquil flower
A goblin toasts a bumble-bee.

We might be fifty, we might be five,
So snug, so compact, so wise are we!
Under the kitchen-table leg
My knee is pressing against his knee.

Our shutters are shut, the fire is low,
The tap is dripping peacefully;
The saucepan shadows on the wall
Are black and round and plain to see.

Evening Song of the Thoughtful Child by Katherine Mansfield

Shadow children, thin and small,
Now the day is left behind,
You are dancing on the wall,
On the curtains, on the blind.

On the ceiling, children, too,
Peeping round the nursery door,
Let me come and play with you,
As we always played before.

Let's pretend that we have wings
And can really truly fly
Over every sort of things
Up and up into the sky.

Where the sweet star children play—
It does seem a dreadful rule,
They must stay inside all day.
I suppose they go to school.

And to-night, dears, do you see,
They are having such a race
With their father moon—the tree
Almost hides his funny face.

Shadow children, once at night,
I was all tucked up in bed,
Father moon came—such a fright—
Through the window poked his head;

I could see his staring eyes,
O, my dears, I was afraid,
That was not a nice surprise,
And the dreadful noise I made!

Let us make a fairy ring,
Shadow children, hand in hand,
And our songs quite softly sing
That we learned in fairyland.

Shadow children, hin and small,
See, the day is far behind;
And I kiss you—on the wall—
On the curtains—on the blind.

Fairy Tale by Katherine Mansfield

Now this is the story of Olaf
Who ages and ages ago
Lived right on the top of a mountain,
A mountain all covered with snow.

And he was quite pretty and tiny
With beautiful curling fair hair
And small hands like delicate flowers—
Cheeks kissed by the cold mountain air.

He lived in a hut made of pinewood
Just one little room and a door
A table, a chair, and a bedstead
And animal skins on the floor.

Now Olaf was partly fairy
And so never wanted to eat;
He thought dewdrops and raindrops were plenty
And snowflakes and all perfumes sweet.

In the daytime when sweeping and dusting
And cleaning were quite at an end,
He would sit very still on the doorstep
And dream—O, that he had a friend!

Somebody to come when he called them,
Somebody to catch by the hand,
Somebody to sleep with at night time,
Somebody who'd quite understand.

One night in the middle of Winter
He lay wide awake on his bed,
Outside there was fury of tempest
And calling of wolves to be fed—

Thin wolves, grey and silent as shadows;
And Olaf was frightened to death.
He had peeped through a crack in the doorpost,
He had seen the white smoke of their breath.

But suddenly over the storm wind
He heard a small voice pleadingly
Cry, "I am a snow fairy, Olaf,
Unfasten the window for me."

So he did, and there flew through the opening

The daintiest, prettiest sprite
Her face and her dress and her stockings,
Her hands and her curls were all white.

And she said, "O you poor little stranger
Before I am melted, you know,
I have brought you a valuable present,
A little brown fiddle and bow.

So now you can never be lonely,
With a fiddle, you see, for a friend,
But all through the Summer and Winter
Play beautiful songs without end."

And then,—O she melted like water,
But Olaf was happy at last;
The fiddle he tucked in his shoulder,
He held his small bow very fast.

So perhaps on the quietest of evenings
If you listen, you may hear him soon,
The child who is playing the fiddle
Away up in the cold, lonely moon.

In the Rangitaki Valley by Katherine Mansfield

Valley of waving broom,
O lovely, lovely light,
O hear of the world, red-gold!
Breast high in the blossom I stand;
It beats about me like waves
Of a magical, golden sea

The barren heart of the world
Alive at the kiss of the sun,
The yellow mantle of Summer
Flung over a laugth of her body
Sweet with the kisshing land,
Warm with the warm of her breath

O valley of waving broom,
O lovely, lovely light,
O mystical marriage of Earth
With the passionate Summer sun!
To her lover she holds a cup
And the yellow wine o'erflows.
He has lighted a little torch
And the whole of the world is ablaze.
Prodigal wealth of love!
Breast high in the blossom I stand.

Jangling Memory by Katherine Mansfield

Heavens above! here's an old tie of your—
Sea-green dragons stamped on a golden ground.
Ha! Ha! Ha! What children we were in those days.

Do you love me enough to wear it now?
Have you the courage of your pristine glories?
Ha! Ha! Ha! You laugh and shrug your shoulders.

Those were the days when a new tie spelt a fortune:
We wore it in turn—I flaunted it as a waist-belt.
Ha! Ha! Ha! What easily satisfied babies.

"I think I'll turn into a piano duster."
"Give it to me, I'll polish my slippers on it!"
Ha! Ha! Ha! The rag's not worth the dustbin.

"Throw the shabby old thing right out of the window;
Fling it into the faces of other children!"
Ha! Ha! Ha!

We laughed and laughed till the tears came!

Loneliness by Katherine Mansfield

Now it is Loneliness who comes at night
Instead of Sleep, to sit beside my bed.
Like a tired child I lie and wait her tread,
I watch her softly blowing out the light.
Motionless sitting, neither left or right
She turns, and weary, weary droops her head.
She, too, is old; she, too, has fought the fight.
So, with the laurel she is garlanded.

Through the sad dark the slowly ebbing tide
Breaks on a barren shore, unsatisfied.
A strange wind flows… then silence. I am fain
To turn to Loneliness, to take her hand,
Cling to her, waiting, till the barren land
Fills with the dreadful monotone of rain

The Arabian Shawl by Katherine Mansfield

"It is cold outside, you will need a coat—
What! this old Arabian shawl!
Bind it about your head and throat,
These steps… it is dark… my hand… you
might fall."

What has happened? What strange, sweet charm
Lingers about the Arabian shawl…
Do not tremble so! There can be no harm
In just remembering—that is all.

"I love you so—I will be your wife,"
Here, in the dark of the Terrace wall,
Say it again. Let that other life
Fold us like the Arabian shawl.

"Do you remember?"… "I quite forget,
Some childish foolishness, that is all,
To-night is the first time we have met…
Let me take off my Arabian shawl!"

There was a Child Once by Katherine Mansfield

There was a child once.
He came to play in my garden ;
He was quite pale and silent.
Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,
I knew what he had in his pockets,
And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands
And the most intimate tones of his voice.
I led him down each secret path,
Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.
I let him play with them, every one,
I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage
And gave them to him to keep. . . .
It was very dark in the garden
But never dark enough for us.
On tiptoe we walked among the deepest shades ;
We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,
Pretending we were under the sea.
Once—near the boundary of the garden—
We heard steps passing along the World-road ;
O how frightened we were !
I whispered : " Have you ever walked along that road ? "
He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes. . . .
There was a child once.
He came—quite alone—to play in my garden ;
He was pale and silent.
When we met we kissed each other,
But when he went away, we did not even wave.

When I was a Bird by Katherine Mansfield

I climbed up the karaka tree
Into a nest all made of leaves
But soft as feathers.
I made up a song that went on singing all by itself
And hadn't any words, but got sad at the end.
There were daisies in the grass under the tree.
I said just to try them:
"I'll bite off your heads and give them to my little children to eat."
But they didn't believe I was a bird;
They stayed quite open.
The sky was like a blue nest with white feathers
And the sun was the mother bird keeping it warm.
That's what my song said: though it hadn't any words.
Little Brother came up the patch, wheeling his barrow.
I made my dress into wings and kept very quiet.
Then when he was quite near I said: "Sweet, sweet!"
For a moment he looked quite startled;
Then he said:

"Pooh, you're not a bird; I can see your legs."
But the daisies didn't really matter,
And Little Brother didn't really matter;
I felt just like a bird.

A Joyful Song Of Five by Kathetine Mansfield

Come, let us all sing very high
And all sing very loud
And keep on singing in the street
Until there's quite a crowd;

And keep on singing in the house
And up and down the stairs;
Then underneath the furniture
Let's all play Polar bears;

And crawl about with doormats on,
And growl and howl and squeak,
Then in the garden let us fly
And play at hid and seek;

And "Here we gather Nuts and May,"
"I wrote a Letter" too,
"Here we go round the Mulberry Bush,"
"The Child who lost its shoe";

And every game we ever played.
And then—to stay alive—
Let's end with lots of Birthday Cake
Because to-day you're five.

Now I Am a Plant, a Weed by Kathetine Mansfield

Now I am a plant, a weed,
Bending and swinging
On a rocky ledge;
And now I am a long brown grass
Fluttering like flame;
I am a reed;
An old shell singing
For ever the same;
A drift of sedge;
A white, white stone;
A bone;
Until I pass
Into sand again,
And spin and blow
To and fro, to and fro,
On the edge of the sea
In the fading light—
For the light fades.

But if you were to come you would not say:
"She is not waiting here for me;
She has forgotten." Have we not in play
Disguised ourselves as weed and stones and grass
While the strange ships did pass
Gently, gravely, leaving a curl of foam
That uncurled softly about our island home,
Bubbles of foam that glittered on the stone
Like rainbows? Look, darling! No, they are gone.
And the white sails have melted into the sailing sky…

Sleeping Together by Katherine Mansfield

Sleeping together… how tired you were…
How warm our room… how the firelight spread
On walls and ceiling and great white bed!
We spoke in whispers as children do,
And now it was I—and then it was you
Slept a moment, to wake—"My dear,
I'm not at all sleepy," one of us said….

Was it a thousand years ago?
I woke in your arms—you were sound asleep—
And heard the pattering sound of sheep.
Softly I slipped to the floor and crept
To the curtained window, then, while you slept,
I watched the sheep pass by in the snow.

O flock of thoughts with their shepherd Fear
Shivering, desolate, out in the cold,
That entered into my heart to fold!

A thousand years… was it yesterday
When we two children of far away,
Clinging close in the darkness, lay
Sleeping together?… How tired you were….

The Candle by Katherine Mansfield

By my bed, on a little round table
The Grandmother placed a candle.
She gave me three kisses telling me they were three dreams
And tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.
Then she went out of the room and the door was shut.
I lay still, waiting for my three dreams to talk;
But they were silent.
Suddenly I remember giving her three kisses back.
Perhaps, by mistake, I had given my three little dreams
I sat up in bed.
The room grew big, oh, bigger far than a church.
The wardrobe, quite by itself, as big as a house.
And the jug on the washstand smiled at me:
It was not a friendly smile.
I looked at the basket-chair where my clothes lay folded:
The chair gave a creak as though it were listening for something.
Perhaps it was coming alive and going to dress in my clothes.
But the awful thing was the window:
I could not think what was outside.
No tree to be seen, I was sure,
No nice little plant or friendly pebbly path.
Why did she pull the blind down every night?
It was better to know.
I crunched my teeth and crept out of bed,
I peeped through a slit of the blind.
There was nothing at all to be seen.
But hundreds of friendly candles all over the sky
In remembrance of frightened children.
I went back to bed…
The three dreams started singing a little song.

The Lonesome Child by Katherine Mansfield

The baby in the looking-glass
Is smiling through at me;
She has her teaspoon in her hand,
Her feeder on for tea.

And if I look behind her I
Can see the table spread;
I wonder if she has to eat
The nasty crusts of bread.

Her doll, like mine, is sitting close
Beside her special chair,
She has a pussy on her lap;
It must be my cup there.

Her picture-book is on the floor,
The cover's just the same;
And tidily upon the shelf
I see my Ninepin game.

O baby in the looking-glass,
Come through and play with me,
And if you will, I promise, dear,
To eat your crusts at tea.

The further the little girl leaped and ran,
The further she longed to be;
The white, white fields of jonquil flowers
Danced up as high as her knee
And flashed and sparkled before her eyes
Until she could hardly see.
So into the wood went she.

It was quiet in the wood,
It was solemn and grave;
A sound like a wave
Sighed in the tree-tops
And then sighed no more.
But she was brave,
And the sky showed through
A bird's-egg blue,
And she saw
A tiny path that was running away
Over the hills to—who can say?
She ran, too.
But then the path broke,
Then the path ended
And wouldn't be mended.

A little old man
Sat on the edge,
Hugging the hedge.
He had a fire
And two eggs in a pan
And a paper poke
Of pepper and salt;
So she came to a halt
To watch and admire:
Cunning and nimble was he!
"May I help, if I can, little old man?"
"Bravo!" he said,
"You may dine with me.
I've two old eggs
From two white hens
and a loaf from a kind ladie:
Some fresh nutmegs,
Some cutlet ends
In pink and white paper frills:
And—I've—got
A little hot-pot
From the town between the hills."

He nodded his head
And made her a sign
To sit under the spray
Of a trailing vine.

But when the little girl joined her hands
And said the grace she had learned to say,
The little old man gave two dreadful squeals
And she just saw the flash of his smoking heels
As he tumbled, tumbled,
With his two old eggs
From two white hens,
His loaf from a kind ladie,
The fresh nutmegs,
The cutlet-ends
In the pink and white paper frills.
And away rumbled
The little hot-pot,
So much too hot,
From the town between the hills.

To L. H. B. (1894-1915) by Katherine Mansfield\

Last night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother, in a dream.
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, white and red.
"Don't touch them: they are poisonous," I said.
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying round your head
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
"Don't you remember?
We called them Dead Man's Bread!"
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where—where is the path of my dream
for my eager feet?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands…
"These are my body. Sister, take and eat."

Very Early Spring by Katherine Mansfield

The fields are snowbound no longer;
There are little blue lakes and flags of tenderest green.
The snow has been caught up into the sky—
So many white clouds—and the blue of the sky is cold.
Now the sun walks in the forest,
He touches the bows and stems with his golden fingers;
They shiver, and wake from slumber.
Over the barren branches he shakes his yellow curls.
Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears….
A wind dances over the fields.
Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,
Yet the little blue lakes tremble
And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.

But, ah! before he came
You were only a name:
Four little rooms and a cupboard
Without a bone,
And I was alone!
Now with your windows wide
Everything from outside
Of sun and flower and loveliness
Comes in to hide,
To play, to laugh on the stairs,
To catch unawares
Our childish happiness,
And to glide
Through the four little rooms on tip-toe
With lifted finger,
Pretending we shall not know
When the shutters are shut
That they still linger
Long, long after.
Lying close in the dark
He says to me: "Hark,
Isn't that laughter?"

The Wounded Bird by Katherine Mansfield

In the wide bed
Under the freen embroidered quilt
With flowers and leaves always in soft motion
She is like a wounded bird resting on a pool.

The hunter threw his dart
And hit her breast,—
Hit her but did not kill.
"O my wings, lift me—lift me!
I am not dreadfully hurt!"
Down she dropped and was still.

Kind people come to the edge of the pool with baskets.
"Of course what the poor bird wants is plenty of food!"
Their bags and pockets are crammed almost to bursting
With dinner scrapings and scraps from the servants' lunch.
Oh! how pleased they are to be really giving!
"In the past, you know you know, you were always so fly-away.
So seldom came to the window-sill, so rarely
Shared the delicious crumbs thrown into the yard.
Here is a delicate fragment and her a tit-bit
As good as new. And here's a morsel of relish
And cake and bread and bread and bread and bread."

At night, in the wide bed
With the leaves and flowers
Gently weaving in the darkness,
She is like a wounded bird at rest on a pool.
Timidly, timidly she lifts her head from her wing.
In the sky there are two stars
Floating, shining…
O waters—do not cover me!
I would look long and long at those beautiful stars!
O my wings—lift me—lift me!
I am not so dreadfully hurt…

Winter Song by Katherine Mansfield

Rain and wind, and wind and rain.
Will the Summer come again?
Rain on houses, on the street,
Wetting all the people's feet,
Though they run with might and main.
Rain and wind, and wind and rain.

Snow and sleet, and sleet and snow.
Will the Winter never go?
What do beggar children do
With no fire to cuddle to,
P'raps with nowhere warm to go?
Snow and sleet, and sleet and snow.
Hail and ice, and ice and hail,
Water frozen in the pail.
See the robins, brown and red,
They are waiting to be fed.
Poor dears, battling in the gale!
Hail and ice, and ice and hail.

The gulls are mad-in-love with the river,
And the river unveils her face and smiles.
In her sleep-brooding eyes they mirror their shining wings.
She lies on silver pillows: the sun leans over her.
He warms and warms her, he kisses and kisses her.
There are sparks in her hair and she stirs in laughter.
Be careful, my beautiful waking one! You will catch on fire.
Wheeling and flying with the foam of the sea on their breasts,
The ineffable mists of the sea clinging to their wild wings,
Crying the rapture of the boundless ocean,
The gulls are mad-in-love with the river.
Wake! we are the dream thoughts flying form your heart.
Wake! we are the songs of desire flowing from your bosom.
O, I think the sun will lend her his great wings
And the river will fly to the sea with the mad-in-lovebirds.

i

i

Sea by Katherine Mansfield

The Sea called—I lay on the rocks and said:
"I am come."

She mocked and showed her teeth,
Stretching out her long green arms.
"Go away!" she thundered.
"Then tell me what I am to do," I begged.
"If I leave you, you will not be silent,
But cry my name in the cities
And wistfully entreat me in the plains and forests;
All else I forsake to come to you—what must I do?"
"Never have I uttered your name," snarled the Sea.
"There is no more of me in your body
Than the little salt tears you are frightened of shedding.
What can you know of my love on your brown rock pillow….
Come closer."